THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Literary Miscellany.

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For the Evening Fire-side.

THE PHILANTHROPIST: NO. XI.

"He that troubles not himself with anxious thoughts for more than is necessary, lives little less than the life of Angels, whilst by a mind content with little he imitates their want of nothing."

CAVE.

Perhaps that portion of happineſs which is excluſive of the real neceſſaries of exiſtence, depends on nothing ſo much, as the proper regulation of our deſires. In this happy country, our natural wants are eaſily ſupplied. By multiplying our *ideal* ones, we find an increaſe of *real* difficulty: for ſuch is human nature, that the gratification of one imaginary deſire only makes way for the demands of another; like the fabled Phœnix, from the aſhes of every expiring want a new one riſes up with freſh claims on our exertions. He therefore that is content with few things, is, in one important reſpect, happier than he that poſſeſſes many; he is ſecure from the clamours of a thouſand imaginary deſires, which are hourly preſenting with ſolicitations on the other; and he is free from a multitude of cares which are neceſſarily attached to great poſſeſſions.

Unhappily for my countrymen, LUXURY has landed on our ſhores, and has let looſe her ten thouſand fiends, to undermine the happy ſtructure of rural ſimplicity. She has introduced VOLUPTUOUSNESS into our country; DISSIPATION and VICE have followed in her train, and by their alluring machinations, are ſpoiling the faireſt flowers of our country. Faſhion holds the ſceptre which formerly belonged to Virtue, and this powerful uſurper is hourly laying new burthens on her devoted ſubjects; burthens which they would have ſcorned to wear, had they been impoſed by any other potentate.

Faſhion is an execrable tyrant. I would not part with my little ſhare of liberty from her dominion, for all the mighty diſtinctions ſhe can confer on her votaries! for what are the honours that await her ſervants? What is the reward for their ſervile compliances? Is Eſteem, Reſpect, or honourable diſtinction the gifts of Faſhion? Or are her greateſt ornaments heaped on the fool and the knave?

I will leave my readers to anſwer theſe queries to themſelves, while I revert to the more ſubſtantial pleaſures that await a freedom from her ſhackles.—"He that troubles not himſelf with anxious thoughts for more than is neceſſary, lives little leſs than the life of Angels." This happy ſituation excludes all reference to public opinion in the ordering of domeſtic affairs. In this exalted freedom we are left to conſult the utility of things, rather than the ſentiments of others, and may make ſuch an appearance to the world, as ſuits our circumſtance or convenience, without anxiety for the conſequence. Contented with little, and willing to appear what we really are; conſcious of integrity, and fearleſs of cenſure, we may paſs through the world in the poſſeſſion of peace; while the mind habituated to think for itſelf, and to found its actions on the ſolid baſis of mature reflection, can hear with pity the diſapprobation of the ſhackled ſons of Faſhion, and ſee with compaſſion the proſtitution of reaſon in the conduct of a vain world.

How ſuperior is this ſtate of mind, to the wavering and reſtleſs ſituation of thoſe, whoſe eyes are fixed on the cuſtoms of the times! The PHILANTHROPIST, though not diſpoſed to "weep over the abſurdities of Faſhion," muſt nevertheleſs drop a tear for the conſequences of her dominion:—How does her influence alienate the mind from an attention to its proper buſineſs; how does it proſtrate the faireſt flowers of the intellectual garden! The field, that in the harveſt of Time might have been loaded with the choice fruits of a rational and pious cultivation, is often ſeen covered with the weeds of Oſtentation and Pride; whilſt the manifeſt evidence of a ſoil that had been capable of improvement, fixes the ſtamp of aggravation on its guilty or careleſs poſſeſſor.

I will leave this ſubject, to preſent my readers with a brief account of a viſit to my friend ALBAN, who reſides a few miles from the city, on the ancient reſidence of his anceſtors. He is one of thoſe characters who is more remarkable for uſefulneſs in his neighbourhood, than for the extent of his fame; and attracts more attention by the unaffected ſimplicity of his manners, than by any ſingularity of appearance. His face preſents the unequivocal proofs of a tranquil mind; Serenity and Peace beam in every feature. I entered his houſe at unawares, and found him ſeated in an old arm-chair, that had deſcended to him from his remote progenitors. The amiable partner of his affection was ſeated beſide him, around them ſat in ſilent attention four or five blooming children, who had fixed themſelves to hear their father read. On my entrance, he roſe from his ſeat, laid aſide his book, and, with the warmth of genuine hoſpitality, welcomed me to his houſe. It was an old faſhioned manſion, that had been erected by his rural fore-fathers; and which he would not have exchanged for a palace. It was but one ſtory high, and ſhaded round by ſeveral ancient elms, that had weathered the ſtorms of a century, and now form a canopy which almoſt excludes it from the rays of the ſun. After ſome kind inquiries reſpecting my health, and the welfare of our former acquaintance, he ſaid, "It will undoubtedly be cauſe of wonder to my friend, to ſee me fixed in this ſimple mode of life; but I have no doubt, that he will ceaſe to think ſtrange of me, when I relate the occaſion of it: I lived, as he knows, during the forepart of my life, at the ſeat of Faſhion, and became like many others, entangled in her fetters; but as my judgment advanced toward maturity, I began to find her too arbitrary for my happineſs; frequently impoſing things, that maturer reflection decidedly diſappro-

ved. In this difficulty, I frequently determined to ſhake off her ſhackles, and to act conſiſtent with Reaſon and Experience; but I found it no eaſy taſk. "The world's dread laugh" was too terrible a penalty. I was led into ſcenes which I could but diſapprove, and joined in diſſipation for which I had no reliſh; I was toſſed about by every wind of public opinion, and in reality became a fool, to avoid the imputation of being one. At laſt, debaſed in my own opinion, and followed by remorſe, I took a firm reſolution to act conſiſtent with my judgment; I ſhook off that ſociety which had ſo much influence over me, and found it much eaſier to bear its reproaches than my own diſapprobation. Thus, my friend, have I ſtated the reaſons for my retiring from the arbitrary dominion of Faſhion, to the ſimplicity of a Peaſant's life. I now find, under the influence of Religion and Reaſon, *that* happineſs which I had ſought for in vain, in my former habits. My duties are before me, in performing them I have peace; and in the boſom of my family I enjoy a ſatisfaction, which though exquiſitely felt, cannot be deſcribed.

A.

For the Evening Fire-side.

THE SYLPH.

From the broad expanse of air,
From the meteor's lurid glare,
From the field where hosts engage,
Where the trumpet wakes to rage
And furious drum;

From the precincts of the moon,
"Riding near her highest noon,"*
From the night's last fading star—
Borne upon my airy car
Uncall'd I come.

Ha! what empty phantoms rise,
From the precints of the tomb!
Shadowy forms salute our eyes,
Tenants of nocturnal gloom:

Ghosts of ANGUS and PHOSPHORUS,
Why again in light appear;
Why present yourselves before us;
Why forsake your proper sphere!

Dripping from oblivion's wave,
Lo! SYLVANUS courts the eye;
Wreaths which sleepy Naiads gave,
Nodding o'er his forehead, sigh:

Nurs'd in Della-Cruscan bowers,
Still he pours the flowery lay,
Still impells his feeble powers
Through the long, the dreary way.

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* Milton.

Wake, SYLVANUS, from thy dream,
Dare no more to court the muse,
Seek again that peaceful ſtream
Fed by night's narcotic dews.

There in placid ſilence ſleep;
Dread not ARIEL's *malice* there
Where dejected poets keep,
Diſmal vigils of deſpair.

Tho' in many a varied name
Thou mayſt hope to hide thy fears,
Ev'n the treacherous winds proclaim,
Midas and his aſſes ears.

MYRTLE, muſt thy reſtleſs ſhade
Still infeſt the muſes' path!
Shall each Heliconian maid,
Still endure thy teazing wrath!

Though in many a changeful form,
Wild-wing'd tempeſts rule the hour;
Still we feel the driving ſtorm,
Still confeſs its boiſt'rous power.

Though with well-diſſembled face,
Thou approach the muſes ſhrine,
In thy lay thy form we trace,
Still its *cauſtic* ſtamps it thine.

When of yore I heard thy ſong,
I could ne'er deny thy wit;
If it ſtill to thee belong,
"Why ſo ſhy of uſing it?"

Angry bard, no longer witty,
Bid the muſe a long adieu!
Thou haſt often claim'd my pity,
Force me not to ſcorn thee too.

"Blended ſouls in union join'd,"
Surely Death might ſafely ſpare;
But, alas, C.'s brilliant mind
Shrouds its glories in deſpair:

Yet again reſume the lyre!
Thou haſt ſweetly bay'd the Moon;
When a paly orb of fire
She illum'd night's wintry noon.

O'er the miſ'ry of the poor,
DORCAS muſically ſighs;
For the evils they endure
Tears deform her beauteous eyes:

DORCAS! if for human woe,
Sad diſtreſs, and racking pain,
Pity bids the current flow,
Weep, but not in verſe again!

While fond genius mourns to ſee
Dullneſs in her paths abound,
SOLITARY BARD!* to thee,
She her dulcet ſhell ſhall ſound.

Though no academic grove
Nurſe thy unaſſiſted fire,
To Parnaſſian bowers above,
Shall thy daring ſoul aſpire.

Follow on thy path to fame,
Open are her doors to all,
And the muſe ſhall ſound thy name,
Loudly, in her echoing hall.

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* ALFRED.

While the ſons of folly ply,
Like dull H. the laboring oar;
Thou canſt unaſſiſted fly;
Mock their toil, and gain the ſhore.

Now the ſun's declining beam
Gives the clouds a golden hue,
Shadows lengthen o'er the ſtream,
Scribbling bards again adieu.

ARIEL.

For the Evening Fire-ſide.

Owing to a variety of cauſes, I did not ſee your 13th number till after the 14th had made its appearance; by which I miſſed ſight of the DREAMER's laſt production, until too late to anſwer it regularly. I make this apology, leſt ſome of my readers ſhould apprehend that I was ſilenced by his loquacity; as to rational argument it is difficult to perceive any in his production; if there be any, I am ſure it does not affect any thing I have ſaid in my former eſſay.

He ſuppoſes I cannot diſtinguiſh between rational enquiry, and philoſophiſtical reverie; let him prove to his readers by a juſt and logicial mode of reaſoning, that he is poſſeſſed with this diſcriminating faculty himſelf:—hitherto he certainly has not a claim to it. I ſhall paſs over his account of the ſerious trial his gravity has been again put to, by my daring to expreſs a different ſentiment from his own, and endeavour to prove that he is miſtaken where he aſſerts that I *have not in any manner diſproved his doctrine.* This doctrine of the DREAMER's ſuppoſes that "the mind is altogether acquired through the medium of the ſenſes." This I have clearly diſproved by the inſtance of Peter's viſion; but ſays the DREAMER, this was "*miraculous*, and therefore unfairly quoted." Now I leave my readers to judge whether the proof is leſs valid becauſe miraculous. If it proves that "the mind is not *altogether* acquired through the medium of the ſenſes," it proves what I intended; and it proves that what he calls "the eſtabliſhed doctrines of the day with reſpect to the operations of the mind" (if he has rightly reported them) are not to be regarded as the teſt of truth.

It will be ſeen by a recurrence to my eſſay on this ſubject, that I do not wiſh to eſtabliſh a ſuperſtitious regard for dreams. But it is the error of ſome of our modern Philoſophers to run into extremes: While they are profitably employed in removing the evils of ſuperſtition, they, either ignorantly or inadvertantly ſtrike at the foundation of revealed Religion. This I am ſure muſt ariſe either from malice or

the want of a juſt diſcrimination between the two; for no two points of the compaſs can be more oppoſite than Chriſtianity and Superſtition; the one is founded on the only ſure baſis of Truth, the other on the wild vagaries of a heated imagination, or the more deadly dozings of uninquiring Ignorance. Thus, though I ſhould not be diſpoſed to believe that Divine premonitions were always wrapped up in the dreams of the Drunkard, the Farmer, or the Merchant, yet I would not dare to ſay that the Supreme Being *could* not communicate a merciful premonition to either.

I confeſs that my dreams do not often partake of "ideas pertaining to ſcientific reſearch," and though the DREAMER has broadly inſinuated that his own do, yet the public will certainly demand ſome further proofs of correct ſcientific knowledge from him before they will acknowledge that he has dreamed with ſucceſs.

The DREAMER is very poſitive that "a moment's reflection will convince any *thinking* perſon of the truth of the poſition that we have no ideas ſleeping nor waking which were not acquired through the medium of the ſenſes." Perhaps he charitably meaſures every thinking mind by the ſtandard of his own profound Genius. If ſo his charity is to be commended but at the expenſe of his knowledge. It has been my lot, to have the ſociety of ſome characters, to whom the public voice has given the praiſe of *Wiſdom*; and I have heard thoſe who are thought to be men of acute penetration and enlarged minds, and therefore not deſtitute of *thought* or *reflection* ſpeak a different language.

As I have been accuſtomed to think for myſelf, and to ground my opinions on ſober conviction, I do not pin my faith on the ſleeve of any "learned Divine." I therefore explicitly avow my belief *that miracles have not ceaſed*, though I believe there is not the ſame neceſſity for a frequent recurrence of them that once exiſted. I have read a little during the preceding periods of my life, and I have known ſome learned Divines who have been of my ſentiment in this particular; and I never found a ſingle text in the New Teſtament that gives ground for a different opinion. As to a *Witchcraft*, I apprehend I ſhall have no need of it to make his former eſſays appear to the reflecting reader as deſtitute of ſolid argument, as his manner is void of deference to public opinion.

EVANGELICUS.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

An Epiſtle to J—— W——.

The world, my friend, the giddy world,
In which poor man is toss'd and whirl'd
Beyond or rhyme or reason;—
Its carking cares conſume the day,
And e'en on night's indulgence prey,
Diſturbing out of ſeaſon.

Would we aright employ our powers;
Behold! how Heaven propitious ſhowers
Its gifts with hand unſparing;
Attentive hears the Raven's cries,
The witleſs birds with food ſupplies,
For all Creation caring:

But man, a proud, conceited elf,
Would rather cater for himſelf,
Such high dependence ſcorning,
Hoards up thoſe bleſſings ſelfiſhly,
Which equal ſhar'd, we ne'er ſhould ſee
A needy brother mourning.

Pale miſ'ry viſits many a land,
And famine waves her direful wand
O'er many a haggard feature;
While plenty crowns the ſmiling fields,
And Nature's ample ſtorehouſe yields
Enough for every creature.

It grieves my heart to ſee our race
So much their origin debaſe;
To Avarice enſlaving
Each impulſe of the generous mind,
For nobler purpoſes deſign'd
Than ſuch ignoble craving.

On profit ſtill, Mercator bent,
Confines his thoughts to cent per cent,
On traffic fondly doating;
He anxious views the ſhifting vane,
Reflecting, on the ſtormy main
His precious ſhips are floating:

He has no time for ſocial joys,
On Heaven a moment ſcarce employs,
Or Heaven-demanded duties;
To trade's concerns as firmly bound,
As in the cloſe-compacted ground
The deeply-planted root is:

He not regards the teeming earth
That gives the beauteous flowrets birth,
Their fragrance wide diffuſing:
The grove, where zephyrs wanton play,
Where friends converſe, and lovers ſtray,
On tender ſubjects muſing:

"Poets and moraliſts," he cries,
"Are vanity of vanities,
"Mere fools of obſervation,
"Who praiſe cold Luna's fading charms,
"While gold, like Sol, both ſhines and warms,
"Alone worth eſtimation."

If ſuch the ſordid bonds of trade,
Far diſtant let me ſeek the ſhade
By Wiſdom's ray befriended,
Indulging Fancy's airy flights,
And in my impreſcriptive rights
By Liberty defended;

Not her who lately led the dance
Along the blood-ſtain'd fields of France,
By maddening fury driven;
But Liberty the friend of man,
Inſpirer of the ſocial plan,
The offſpring fair of Heaven.

April 6th, 1806.

For the Evening Fire-ſide.

Meſſrs. Editors,

In one of my walks through the ſtreets of this city, on the firſt of this month, I diſcovered lying on the pavement, ſomething, which to all appearance was a paper of ſmoking tobacco. Being a ſmoker, I was well pleaſed with the prize; and having carefully put it in my pocket, I bent my courſe towards home, reſolved (with a clean pipe) to make trial of it immediately. On entering my door, I was followed by the ever welcome *letter-carrier*, bearing a package with the New-York poſt-mark on, for which I cheerfully paid double poſtage, hoping it was from an abſent friend; having unfolded it, I was not a little chagrined by not being able to diſcover in the inſide a ſingle ſcrape of a pen, except at one corner of the paper, where was written in legible characters APRIL FOOL. Being ſomewhat out of humour, I forgot my paper of tobacco till after dinner; when that tyrant *habit*, prompting me to take a ſmoke, I immediately recollected it; and on opening the paper, to my great mortification I found it full of *ſaw-duſt*; and *April-fool*, written on a ſmall piece of paper that was on the top, again ſtared me in the face. I now began to conſider the abſurdity of the long eſtabliſhed cuſtom of making April fools, and took ſome pains to enquire of ſeveral learned gentlemen, what it was that introduced the practice; but as none of them could give me any ſatisfaction on the ſubject, I now take the liberty to requeſt, that if any of your ſage readers are poſſeſſed of information reſpecting the origin of a cuſtom ſo univerſally practiſed, they will communicate it to me and the public through the medium of your uſeful paper.

April 8, 1806. H.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

THE POET.—*Pratt.*

——————The favour'd Bard,
Who nobly conſcious of his juſt reward,
With loftier ſoul, and undecaying might
Paints what he feels in characters of light.
He turns: and inſtantaneous all around
Cliffs whiten, waters murmur, voices ſound;

Portentous forms in heav'n's aerial hall
Appear, as at some great supernal call:
Thence, oft in thought, his steps ideal haste
To rocks and groves, the wilderness or waste;
To plains, where Tadmor's regal ruins lie
In desolation's sullen majesty:
Or where Carthusian tow'rs the pilgrim draw,
And bow the soul with unresisted awe:
Whence Bruno, from the mountain's pine-clad brow
Survey'd the world's inglorious toil below;
Then, as down ragged cliffs the torrent roar'd,
Prostrate great Nature's present God ador'd,
And bade, in Solitude' extremest bourn,
Religion hallow the severe sojourn.

To him the pow'rs of harmony resort,
And as the bard, with high-commanding port,
Scans all th' etherial wilderness around
Pour on his ear the thrilling stream of sound;
Strains, from the full-strung chords at distance swell,
Notes, breathing soft from musick's inmost cell;
While to their numerous pause; or accent deep,
His choral passions dread accordance keep.
Thence musing, lo! he bends his weary eyes
On life and all its sad realities;
Marks how the prospect darkens in the rear,
Shade blends with shade, and fear succeeds to fear,
Mid forms that rise, and flutter thro' the gloom,
Till death unbar the cold sepulch'ral room.

Such is the poet: such his claim divine!
Imagination's charter'd libertine,
He scorns, in apathy, to float or dream,
On listless satisfaction's torpid stream;
But dares alone in vent'rous bark to ride
Down turbulent delight's tempestuous tide,
With thoughts encount'ring thoughts in conflict strong
The deep Pierian thunder of the song,
Rolls o'er his raptur'd sense: the realms on high
For him disclose their varied majesty;
He feels the call: then bold, beyond controul,
Stamps on the immortal page, the visions of his soul.

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

The following account of a set of Religionists called the Jumpers, extracted from a late work, entitled, "Hutton's tour in North Wales," is perhaps the best extant of that singular society.

Being told September 8th, 1799, in the evening, they were at worship, I hastened to the chapel, and found the doors crowded without. Gaining a passage, I perceived myself in a spacious room with two gallaries, crowded with about five hundred people, many, no doubt, like myself, spectators only. There were not many pews; the great body of the hearers stood in the area, and with a devotional aspect, indicating all attention. The preacher had uncommon lungs. After a few minutes he delivered himself in short sentences with the utmost vehemence, evidently designed to strike the passions. Ignorant of the Welsh language, I could not understand them; but was told they were ecstatic sentences, selected from Scripture, particularly the Psalms. At the end of one of these issued a small hum from the people; a second increased it; a third still more, &c. till, in the space of one minute, the crowd broke out into the most rapturous violence of voice and gesture. Every one seemed to adopt a sentence of his own, perhaps caught from the minister, and continued to vociferate it with all the exertion of which he was capable; and this in a kind of tune or cadence. A hundred different tunes yelling from a hundred different voices, in a single room, must produce horror in the extreme. I never experienced sounds more discordant. That person was the happiest, who could exert the loudest, continue the longest, and jump the highest. They performed in parties of from two to eight; sometimes the two sexes joined, but generally not. If one began to jump, another answered him face to face; then a third and fourth, forming a kind of ring. As jumping is a most violent exercise, they were obliged to desist at intervals; but the body was kept in motion, something like what I have seen in dancing. The hands, head, and feet, were more employed, but the tongue never lay (still.) The parson disappeared when he had raised his people to that pitch of enthusiasm he wanted. I, who did not understand their words, but could only observe their gestures and hear their sounds, could scarcely detach the idea of quarrelling, and was fearful least by standing too near, they should jump upon my feet, or I give offence by impeding their rough devotions. They were all decently dressed. The females were the most numerous. Some of both sexes advanced in years made but miserable jumpers. They seemed just as much intoxicated with exertion, as they could have been with liquor; and had a thirsty traveller passed by, he could not have been charged with impropriety, had he stepped in and called for a pint. The scene continued for near an hour. It gradually wore off, for nature must sink under violence. I could perceive a small degree of finesse, arising from pride, in a few of the worshippers, who chose to lie by till the rest were exhausted, and then begin with double energy. We may reasonably imagine that excessive romping will discompose the dress. The men's, I observed, stood it better than the women's. I have been told the latter often lose their petticoats. This may be true, but did not occur under my eye; if it had, the loser was too far gone to regard it. When the performers had exerted themselves to the last moment of their abilities, so that they were unable to stand, the husband or the friend took charge of them with seeming pity, and, I observed, cast an eye round, to see if any of their garments were giving the slip. Caps, handkerchiefs, and aprons, were obliged to undergo a renovation.—Upon enquiry, I found these boisterous worshippers were people of very orderly life; and I am inclined to think they are no more conversant with Paine's writings or the arts of government, than with algebra. As every shoot of the grand tree which composes Religion is supported by Scripture, I make no doubt but this inoffensive race can bring texts in support of theirs, though I had not the pleasure of conversing with any one of them. Their ecstacy seemed to proceed from a profusion of heavenly love, perhaps founded upon the words, "Rejoice in the Lord, and again I say rejoice." If this sentence does not command jumping, it gives a latitude. The conduct of David is still more in point, who "danced before the Lord with all his might." I have since had an opportunity of perusing their articles of faith, which are consonant to those of the established Church, and are nearly the same as those of the Presbyterians, Independants, and Baptists. The rules of Church government are excellent and correspond in some measure with the best I know, that of the people called Quakers: their rough exercise in devotion is not mentioned therein.

ON TRANQUILITY.

Confin'd by fate to three-score years and ten,
What vaunted nothings fill the hearts of men!
Is glory nothing? 'Tis a sick-man's dream
A downward sky reflected by the stream!
But pleasure! learn from those whom endless cha
Of new delight provokes abroad to range.—
"From ever-waketul care in vain we try,
In gilded yachts, or on proud steeds, to fly;
Swifter than deer, than rapid gales more fleet,
Care follows close on our retiring feet!
The same our thoughts, beneath another sun,
We strive (oh, fruitless toil) ourselves to shun!"
How truly blest is he whose little store,
His father's once, allows no wish for more:
His social board with simple neatness shines,
Frugal his meal, but yet content he dines.
Pleas'd with an humble lot, his cheerful mind
(For future good or ill, to heav'n resign'd)
Sweetens with pleasant tales or harmless mirth
Those cares to which the happiest fate gives birth
Yet studious, oft-times to his books he turns,
And, fir'd by them, with classic ardour burns!
Calm contemplation—easy dreams attest
His tranquil life is of all lives the best.

Biography of Boerhaave.

This celebrated phyſician, and chriſtian, was born 1668, in a ſmall village, near Leyden, in Holland. At the age of 16 the was left without parents, protection, or property. He had before this time, paid ſome attention to theology, with the deſign of devoting himſelf to a clerical employment, but the ſcience of nature now attracted his inquiſitive mind. It is remarkable that this man, who became an oracle in his profeſſion, an ornament to religion, and who was worth, at his death, 200,000 pounds, was now obliged to labour for the neceſſaries of life. No ſooner was he made Doctor of phyſic, and began to practice, than his merits were diſcovered, and he was patronized by a number of powerful friends, who procured for him three important employments: viz. Profeſſor of medicine in the univerſity of Leyden; Profeſſor of chemiſtry, and Profeſſor of botany.

He was a member of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and the Royal Society at London, to both of which he communicated his chemical diſcoveries. Leyden, for the ſcience of medicine and botany, became the ſchool of Europe. His renown reached even to China. A mandarine wrote to him with this inſcription, "To the illuſtrious Boerhaave, phyſician in Europe." Peter the Great, while reſiding in Holland to acquire a knowledge of maratime affairs, attended his lectures. Perhaps no phyſician, ſince Hippocrates, has more juſtly merited the eſteem and gratitude of mankind than Boerhaave. To a great genius, he added the nobleſt qualities of the heart. His appearance was ſimple and venerable. He taught methodically, was an eloquent orator, and declaimed with much eaſe and dignity.---- His hearers were never tired, but always regretted when his diſcourſes came to a cloſe. He ſometimes enlivened his ſubject with a turn of refined raillery, but would never carry it to exceſs. "Decent mirth," he uſed to ſay, "is the ſalt of life."

It was Boerhaave's daily practice to riſe early in the morning, and ſpend an hour in private prayer and meditation on ſome part of the bible. His friends wondered how he could endure all his fatigue. This religious exerciſe, he ſaid, gave him vigour in performing the buſineſs of the day. This, therefore, he recommended to his friends as the beſt rule he could give them. "Nothing," he ſaid, "tended more to the health of the body, than the tranquillity of the mind; and he knew nothing which could ſupport him, or his fellow creatures, amidſt the diſtreſſes of life, but a well grounded confidence in the Supreme Being upon the principles of chriſtianity." This he ſtrongly exemplified. In 1762, he was five months confined to his bed with the gout, where he lay on his back without attempting the leaſt motion; for any effort renewed his torments, which were ſo great, that at length he was deprived of ſenſe as well as motion. He however recovered a little in the ſixth month, and by the uſe of an uncommon medicine, was gradually reſtored to health. His patience during his illneſs was wonderful. It was not grounded on ſtoic reaſoning, but on a religious calmneſs of mind, and a perfect reſignation to the will of God.

Though his knowledge of medicine was great, he never boaſted of his abilities, or riches, but was familiar with all, and diligent in his profeſſion. He frequently remarked that the life of a patient, if trifled with, or neglected, would be required at the hand of the phyſician. The poor he called his beſt patients, for God, he ſaid, was their pay-maſter. He was always cheerful, and fond of promoting uſeful converſation. He often aſſerted the divine authority of the Scriptures, and maintained that they only could give that ſacred peace of mind, which paſſes all underſtanding; that peace, which none can conceive, but he who has it, and none can have it, but by divine communication. He never regarded or attempted to confute the calumnies of his enemies. "They are ſparks," he ſaid, "which, if you do not blow, will go out themſelves." He was once aſked if he had ever been angry: he anſwered, that he was naturally very paſſionate, but by daily prayer and meditation, he had gained a maſtery over himſelf. In 1737, he was attacked by a diſorder, which, terminating in a dropſy, brought him to the grave. During his lingering illneſs, he maintained his uſual firmneſs, and did not neglect the neceſſary cares of life, or proper preparation for death. He was reſigned in his affliction, and often ſaid, "He who loves God ought to think nothing deſirable but what is moſt pleaſing to the ſupreme goodneſs." He ſaw death approaching, but felt no alarm. He daily grew more cheerful and leſs ſenſible of his tormenting pains, till the 23d of September, 1738, when, with the greateſt compoſure of mind, and rejoicing that he ſhould ſoon be with Chriſt, he bade adieu to his friends and the world. The city of Leyden erected a monument to his memory.

[*Literary Tablet.*]

On view of a ſhip-wreck from the ſea-ſhore.

The wild wind's roar a moment ceas'd,
A dreadful pauſe ſucceeds;
The ſhrieks of terror ſtrike the ear,
The heart with pitty bleeds.

No human aid can interpoſe
The ſhatter'd bark to ſave;
The whelming waves reſiſtleſs fill
The ſailor's wat'ry grave,

No more the tender ties of home
Shall meet their bleſt return:
The wife, the parent, and the child,
Thro' many a day ſhall mourn.

The ſtormy night ſhall wake their woes
From ſome deluſive dream,
When oft to their fond arms reſtor'd
The long loſt friend ſhall ſeem.

The friend with whom in early years,
Their happieſt hours were known;
Whether by ſchool-day ſports endear'd,
Or kindred claims their own;

Within the deep profound they reſt,
Far from their native ſhore,
'Till future ages paſs away,
And man ſhall weep no more.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

Count Tambeccari has publiſhed a long account of his laſt aërial voyage, the principal particulars of which are contained in the following extract, dated Venice, October 2d, 1804.

Nothing material occurred before reaching Rouanzo, where the two aëronauts, the Count and Dr. Andreoli, deſcended to within about five hundred feet of the earth, after which they reaſcended. The machine traverſed a cloud, but without experiencing the effects of electricity. About one o'clock they found themſeves above Capo d'Argine, ſix Italian miles from Bologna. The count here wiſhed to deſcend; and having got within a ſhort diſtance of the earth, he made his anchor faſt to a tree. The balloon having by this movement acquired an oblique direction, the lamp was overturned, and the ſpirit of wine it contained fell to the bottom of the car and took fire. The flames ſoon reached a veſſel containing thirty pounds of ſpirit of wine. The veſſel burſt, and the flames ſpread more and more. At length they extended to the clothes of the aëronauts, and even threatened the netting and the ropes by which the car was ſuſpended. Tambeccari laid hold of a bottle of water and extinguiſhed the fire in his clothes. Andreoli, who only thought of eſcaping, glided down by the anchor-rope

to the tree, and fell thence to the ground without ſuſtaining much hurt. The balloon being freed from the weight of about a quintal and a half, roſe rapidly with Count Tambeccari, and in a moment diſappeared above the clouds; the Count, however, did not loſe his preſence of mind, but continued to extinguiſh the fire both in his clothes and in the car.

The balloon was then carried by a ſtrong current of air towards the Adriatic, and at three o'clock the Count perceived the coaſt of Comachio, but from ſuch an elevation that he could hardly diſtinguiſh it. Soon after he fell into the ſea at about the diſtance of twenty-five Italian miles from the coaſt. The car, which was half burnt, ſunk, and Count Tambeccari, who held faſt by the ropes of the balloon, had the water often up to his neck. Apprehenſive that laſſitude would oblige him to let go his hold, or that he ſhould be overcome by ſleep, he endeavoured to faſten himſelf to a rope. By means of a bit of glaſs he detached one from the balloon, and faſtened it round his body, the other end of it being fixed to the machine. In this ſituation he floated on the water for ſome hours, the balloon being ſtill inflated.

At length, about ſix in the evening, he obſerved ſeven fiſhing boats, the people in four of which, being ſtruck with terror, betook themſelves to flight, imagining that they ſaw ſome ſtrange kind of ſea-monſter. The other three approached, and took from the water the unfortunate aëronaut half burnt, after having ſpent four hours at ſea, amidſt the moſt dreadful anguiſh. The fiſhermen attempted alſo to ſeize the balloon; but as ſoon as they had cut the ropes it roſe and took its courſe towards the Turkiſh coaſt. During ſome days great apprehenſions were entertained for the right hand of the aëronaut, which had been ſeverely burnt; but happily amputation has not been found neceſſary.

[*Philoſophical Magazine.*]

"O! compaſſion, thou art, after all, the beſt quality of man, the trueſt inſpiration of his nature, and the nearest to the moſt adorable attribute of his God."

Say ye, who the exalted impulſe feel
What tranſports on the boſom ſweetly ſteal,
When pity wipes the tear from miſ'ry's eye;
And ſoothes misfortune till it ceaſe to ſigh!
O, joy ſupreme! more genial to the ſoul,
Than ſhort-liv'd mirth that flits o'er pleaſure's bowl;
Unfading, hallow'd, heaven approv'd delight,
In which mans nature and his God's unite.

"SURR'S HOSPITAL."

Remarkable Sagacity in a Dog.

Some years ſince, Mr. S——, of Margate, in Kent, was returning from a neighbouring town, during a very heavy fall of ſnow, and was accompanied by a Dog belonging to a relation of his, who kept an inn near his own houſe. He became ſo fatigued with his journey, which he performed on foot, that he was hardly able to proceed; and, when within a mile or leſs from home, he ſeveral times ſtopped; when the ſagacious animal ſeized hold of his coat, and impelled him forwards, until, through his kind efforts, he literally tore the ſkirts from his garment. At laſt, Mr. S. being entirely overcome by the inclemency of the weather, when he had arrived within two hundred yards of his houſe, was obliged to drop on the ſnow by the ſide of a hovel; and ſuppoſes he immediately fell aſleep. It appeared that the faithful animal had uſed every endeavour to awaken him, as his hands and face, when he was diſcovered, were evidently marked by the claws of the dog; but this being ineffectual, he then left his friend, and haſted to his maſter's houſe, and by every geſture which he could command, endeavoured to entice ſomebody with him, by howling, running backwards and forwards to the door, &c. But not being able to make himſelf underſtood, he took a perſon by the coat, and led him to the ſpot where his friend lay in an inſenſible ſtate, and nearly deprived of life by the cold. Aſſiſtance being procured, Mr. S. was taken to his houſe, and with the greateſt difficulty reſtored to animation. In gratitude to his deliverer, under the Almighty, he took the greateſt care of the dog; had his portrait accurately taken in oil-colours, and which, as a memento, now graces the chimney-piece in his hall.

[*Gent. Mag.*]

Shall we call this fidelity, inſtinct, ſagacity, friendſhip or reaſon, in the brute; or a gracious interpoſition of Eternal Providence, in thus furniſhing this animal with faculties beyond the nature of his ſpecies; thus to preſerve the life of one in the higher rank in his creation.

Look next on greatneſs—ſay where greatneſs lies.
POPE.

Greatneſs is a thing much talked of, though but little underſtood. The world entertains about this, as it does about many other things, very wrong notions. It is uſual to judge of the greatneſs of men, from the circumſtances in which they are placed. A general, at the head of an army, is a very conſpicuous and intereſting object; and whether placed there becauſe of his birth, ſycophancy, or merit, will by the world be called great. The end for which he is inveſted with office—the power attached to that office, encircle his character with a ſplendour that dazzles the fancy, and gives an improper bias to the judgment. The name, and ſituation of the king, have ſomething in them which inſpire us with awe; and although thoſe who bear that title, have not one ſingle quality, which, conſidered as mere men, would recommend them to our reſpect, but perhaps many, which would render them the objects of our contempt; yet as kings, we regard them as a ſuperior order of beings. The dignity of noble birth and the pomp of wealth, affect us in a ſimilar manner; and cauſe us to conſider their perhaps merely fortunate poſſeſſors, as born to command from us the utmoſt deference and reſpect. The improper influence which ſuch extrinſic circumſtances have over our minds, is accompanied by many evils. It cauſes us, in many caſes, to view acts of vice, injuſtice, and villany, as the mere exerciſe of a lawful prerogative; to imitate what we ought to deteſt and ſhun; and to commend and flatter where we ought to reprobate; to fawn and cringe, where we ought to deſpiſe; and to ſubmit patiently to wrongs, which we ought promptly to reſent.

True greatneſs is not peculiar to any ſituation, nor appendant to any combination of circumſtances. Its reſidence is the mind, and it is characteriſtic of the mind alone. It may be manifeſted in its higheſt excellence, in the common occurrences of life. He who puts in practice that ſublime and God-like precept of our Saviour, inculcates the forgiveneſs of injuries, and the return of good for evil, manifeſts a greatneſs, in compariſon with which, the blaze of wealth and power are loſt, and the blood-ſtained laurels of the greateſt heroes and conquerors fade. An act of this kind, however, unleſs it comes recommended to their notice by the diſtinction of the performer, will not by its own intrinſic merit, have any great effect on the minds of men. If the agent is humble and obſcure, the act itſelf will be unnoticed; or at moſt will only be the ſubject of tranſient admiration, or a paſſing topic of idle converſation, and then be forgotten. That elevation of mind which riſes above the grovelling ſpite for injuries received, which prompts to pity, where mankind in general would be ſolicitous for revenge only, as it is a thing that few can underſtand, few can properly ap-

preclate. He who has no other claim to reſpect, than ſuch as are founded upon this alone, muſt reſt ſatisfied with the rewards, which it alone can beſtow.

[*Balance.*]

Extract from Bary's Hiſtory of the Orkney Iſlands.

From whatever quarter ſhips come, there is almoſt at all times an eaſy and ready acceſs to ſuch as are acquainted with the proper channels; and as ſoon as they have got within the precincts, however ſtormy the weather may be, or however ſhattered their condition, little or no difficulty will ariſe to their finding an excellent harbour. For one part of the year, the night is nearly as fit as the day for entering the habours; for ſo far do the iſlands extend to the north, and ſuch is the effect of having no land immediately beyond them, that the twilight is in general ſo bright for two months in the ſummer, as to enable a perſon with the ordinary powers of viſion, to read in the houſe at midnight with the utmoſt facility. Neither does the darkneſs even at other ſeaſons, either retard or endanger the enterance of ſhips, or their ſailing among theſe iſlands; for the moon from the reflection of the water, ſhines with ſuch an uncommon degree of ſplendor, that not only the little iſlands, but even the rocks and tides are almoſt as conſpicuous in the night as in the day. But even in the long nights, and when the moon does not ſhine, light from a different ſource ſeaſonably ariſes to facilitate navigation, by diſpelling the darkneſs that would otherwiſe overſpread our coaſts.

This is the Aurora Borealis, now very improperly denominated the Northern lights, ſince, by late diſcoveries, they have been found to belong equally to both hemiſpheres. Here they happily appear, both more frequently and with greater ſplendor, than in moſt other regions; for during the harveſt, winter and ſpring months, they appear almoſt every unclouded night, and often ſhine with the moſt magnificent brilliancy.

ANECDOTE.

When the Allies who were commanded by Prince Ferdinand, inveſted Minden (in March 1758), the beſiegers erected their batteries at a ſmall diſtance from a water-mill, which ſtood between them and the town; the upper part of which was wood, and the lower part ſtone. On the day when the bombardment began, the family fled; but, in their haſte and confuſion, a child about four years old was left, in a ſmall houſe, by the mill. When the battle was over ſome of the Engliſh ſoldiers went to examine the premiſes. The upper part of the mill was full of holes, like unto a cullender, and the lower part, with the houſe, was very much damaged: but that which moſt aſtoniſhed them was the child, which they found in the houſe, quite unhurt. Its clothes were nearly all ſhot away, and its ſkirts, almoſt up to its loins, cut off as clean as if they had been cut with a razor; but not a ball had entered any part of the child's body, nor cut the fleſh, nor even grazed the ſkin —A ſtriking proof that every ball that flies is ſubject to the controul of a wiſe and gracious providence, without whoſe permiſſion not even a ſparrow falls to the ground.

[*Gentleman's Mag.*]

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

A man of genius miſtaking his talent loſes the advantage of being diſtinguiſhed; a fool of being undiſtinguiſhed.

Jealouſy is the fear or apprehenſion of ſuperiority: Envy, our uneaſineſs under it.

What ſome people term Freedom is nothing elſe than a liberty of ſaying and doing diſagreeable things. It is but carrying the notion a little higher, and it would require us to break and have a head broken reciprocally without offence.

I cannot ſee why people are aſhamed to acknowledge their paſſion for popularity. The love of popularity is the love of being loved.

The ridicule with which ſome people affect to triumph over their ſuperiors, is as though the moon under an eclipſe ſhould pretend to laugh at the ſun.

LITERARY NOTICE.

A new and very intereſting work, under the title of "The Mariner's Chronicle," by Archibald Duncan, Eſq. late of the Royal Navy, has been received in the laſt arrival from London, and is putting to preſs by *James Humphreys*, of this city. It is a collection of the moſt intereſting narratives of ſhipwreck, fires, famines, and other calamities incident to a life of maratime enterpriſe; with authentic particulars of the extraordinary adventures and ſufferings of the crews, their reception and treatment on diſtant ſhores, and a conciſe diſcription of the country, cuſtoms, and manners of the inhabitants, including an account of the deliverance of the ſurvivors.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.—London papers have been recieved at Baltimore up to the 27th February; they contain no very important news; they are principally filled with political diſcuſſions relative to the ſituation of the Continental powers:—from theſe we learn that conſiderable anxiety is felt in Germany, about the formation of a large French army on the Lower Rhine and their poſition in that country. There appears to be no enemy to contend with, and Pruſſia is the only neighbouring power of whoſe intentions Bonaparte can entertain ſuſpicion.

Some are inclined to aſcribe array in this poſition to the project between Auſtria and France, as to the indemnification of the former at the expence of the Turkiſh empire. To that ſcheme both Ruſſia and Pruſſia muſt be averſe; Ruſſia becauſe it interferes with her favourite ſcheme of ambition; and Pruſſia, becauſe it would aggrandize a natural rival. But, if we may believe the reports from Germany, the Auſtrian government is making preparations on the frontiers of Turkey. The Moniteur lately announced that the grand object of gaining Venetian Dalmatia was that it brought the French dominions in contact with the Turkiſh empire. In that quarter too, a great force is aſſembling, and it has been declared that the Turks ſhall no longer be under the direction of the Ruſſian power, and that the Ruſſian eſtabliſhments in the Ionian ſea ſhall not continue.

If it be really true that Auſtria, beaten and plundered, condeſcends to become the aſſociate of Bonaparte in exerciſing upon others what ſhe has ſuffered, the Turkiſh empire is the ſubject from which indemnities are to be taken. But, at the ſame time, reſiſtance both from Ruſſia and Pruſſia might be expected. For this reaſon, therefore a French army is ſtationed almoſt on the frontiers of Pruſſia, and completely overawing the inferior potentates attached to that power. If Pruſſia were to threaten an attack on Auſtria, while the latter, with the concurrence of Bonaparte, ſeizes on the allotted provinces in Turkey, Angereau's army, ſaid to be above 60,000 men, and capable of being reenforced in a few days, is ſtationed in a point to prevent her moving. He guards moſt effectually the Auſtian frontiers; and Pruſſia dare not ſtir without going to war with France, and that too while the armies of the latter are in the beſt poſition for annoying her. Angereau's army, therefore, is on obſervation, and with the moſt deciſive effect.

After ſome obſervations relative to France and Pruſſia, the London paper proceeds to mention the contributions laid by the French army, as if the raiſing of money was the on-

ly object of its eſtabliſhment. Several of the petty princes have been obliged to pay large ſums to *the ſucceſſor of Charlemagne* as the ſign of their ſubmiſſion: upon the city of Frankfort alone was levied four millions of Franks —a ſum which after feeding the French troops which have been conſtantly quartered upon them, they manifeſted ſome reluctance n paying, but it was the demand of his *ſovereign majeſty*, and muſt be complied with.

Private letters from the continent ſtate, that ſeveral members of the Bonaparte family remonſtrated with Napoleon, on the adoption of young Beauharnois, as his ſon, and repreſented it as repugnant to the conſtitution. This interference, however, he took very ill, and threatened to reduce to their original inſignificance, thoſe who ſhould venture to oppoſe his pleaſure. Joſeph Bonaparte, in defiance of the conſtitution, will it is thought, be king of Naples. It is ſuppoſed, however, that if Ruſſia would recognize Bonaparte emperor of France and king of Italy favourable conditions might be obtained for the royal family of Naples.

Some of the German papers contain an account, that the French army had actually entered the kingdom of Naples, and diſperſed the combined forces in an engagement, in which the Prince Royal of Naples is ſaid to have loſt his life. Theſe rumours, however, require official confirmation.

According to private letters from Paris, the Neapolitan ambaſſador Marquis de Galle, had been ordered to quit that city within twenty-four hours. Cardinal Ruffo was expected there from Naples, but orders are ſaid to have been ſent by Napoleon to the frontiers, not to permit him to enter the French territory. Their Sicilian majeſties have returned to Palermo, and the king of Sardinia is returned to his iſland.

Since Bonaparte's return to Paris, the French bank has reſumed its payments — Ninety-ſix large caſks, full of gold and ſilver, eſcorted by a conſiderable body of troops, preceded Napoleon's entrance, and have been depoſited in the palace of the Thuilleries.

Monteviedo taken by the Britiſh.—Advice is received at the Iſland of Cuba, by a packet from Old Spain, that Monteviedo on the River la Plata, is taken poſſeſſion of by the Britiſh, and that their force amounted to eighteen thouſand troops—the commanding officer on this expedition was not named at Cuba, when our informant received this intelligence.

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Extract of a letter from a gentleman on board the Leander, dated Jacmel, March 1, received via Baltimore.

"General Miranda has explained to us his plan, and as we were told before we left New York, when it was explained to us, we were at liberty to proceed or return; we have pretty generally agreed to return. We are landed, and in good quarters; have received what was promiſed, and money to return, with paſſage free. The general will get as many men here as he wants; general Petion at Port au Prince, who has the command of 8000 mulatoes, ſpeaking the language of the people of the oppoſite coaſt, and all eager to accompany him, and the emperor of Hayti, gives every facility; and for myſelf, I believe Miranda will ſucceed—perhaps we may yet go."

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Captain Folger, arrived at Boſton from Nantz confirms the report that a number of ladies, (it was ſaid 150) of Paris, had been committed to the temple, charged with conſpiring againſt the life of Napoleon.

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Domestic.

The houſe of repreſentatives of the United States, were, on the 31ſt. ult. excluſively engaged until 5 o'clock, with cloſed doors, in diſcuſſing the propriety of taking off the injunction of ſecrecy, relative to the meaſures taken on Spaniſh affairs, which was at length decided in the affirmative. We have not room to give our readers a detail of the proceedings on this head, we ſhall merely ſay that there appears to have been on this ſubject a diverſity of opinion, which reſulted in the adoption of meaſures of a pacific complection, by a large majority.

We learn, that the Legiſlature of this State have paſſed a bill for granting a charter of incorporation to the "Pennſylvania Academy of Fine Arts," The zeal of thoſe gentlemen who firſt projected this inſtitution, and the munificence which has been diſplayed in ſupporting it, are ſure pledges of its ſucceſs.

A very uncommon mortality has been witneſſed the preſent year, in the death of five Members of the Houſe of Repreſentatives of the State of Maſſachuſetts, viz. Eliſha Story, Eſq. of Marblehead; Hay Nichols, Eſq. Reading; Jonathan Carver, Eſq. of Weſtford; Thomas Allen, jun. Eſq. of Pittsfield; and Chriſtopher Maſon. Eſq. of Swanzey.

The Corporation of Philadelphia have paſſed an ordinance to impoſe a tax on offices, Poſts of profit, profeſſions occupations, pleaſurable carriages, and horſes.

METEOROLOGICAL MEMORANDUM.

Laſt night the wind at N. N. W. the weather was ſo cold that the water was frozen nearly one inch thick by morning. The ice on a rain water tub bore nearly 150 lbs. without cracking, or manifeſting any other ſigns of weakneſs. The gutters were covered with ice, preſenting every appearance of winter, while the peach trees in many places are in all the bloom of ſpring, and will in all probability be materially injured.

4th mo. 11.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We regret that the letter-box has not been the depoſite of any original productions, for the paſt week,—and but few ſelections have been received from thence; conſequently the *materials* of which the preſent number is principally compoſed, have been derived from other ſources. We hope our literary correſpondents who are qualified to contribute to the entertainment and inſtruction of our readers will not neglect, occaſionally to furniſh us with ſome intereſting matter for the columns of our paper. The reſearches of philoſophy, the effuſion of genius, the ſallies of wit, and the ſmooth flowings of elocution in the cauſe of virtue and morality, are ever gratefully received by the editors; whether they proceed from the doctor, the lawyer, or the peaſant. A few pieces which were overlooked at the cloſe of the laſt number require a *definite* anſwer in this.

To "P. P." we would juſt obſerve, that our opinion of the fair does not coincide with his, we therefore cannot give publicity to the production, and

Of "No Linguist" we would beg leave to conſign to the *pigeon-hole* that ſtrange uncountable thing called "Nation prejudice" as we would willingly be excuſed from preſenting any thing to our readers which we do not underſtand ourſelves—

M.'s queſtion is under conſideration; we think it would be *preſumtive* to decide haſtily on ſo important a ſubject.

We apprehend our correſpondent has mistaken the piece we alluded to in one of our notes for the laſt week; if ſo he may be ſatisfied by looking over the laſt column of the preſent number.

ERRATUM.

In the ſummary for the laſt week, under the head of foreign intelligence, firſt column, ſecond line from the bottom, for "his" read *hoſtilities*.

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